

THE MIGHT OF MIND

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The Might of Mind

or

How to Control and Use the Power of Thought

By

LILY L. ALLEN

(*Mrs James Allen*)

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Editor of *The Epoch*

Thou shalt also decree a thing, and it shall be
established unto thee, and the light shall shine
upon thy ways — JOB xxii 28

LONDON

L N FOWLER & CO.

7 IMPERIAL ARCADE, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4

1914

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FOREWORD

THAT "we ourselves are makers of ourselves," and not the victims of some outside and arbitrary power, is a truth that is slowly breaking upon the minds of men everywhere. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," has for many centuries been upon the lips of men, though not accepted by them as a vital truth, insomuch as they still lived in bondage to sin and sorrow, held to a life of defeat by many limitations from which they imagined there was no escape; and bound by chains of poverty, pain and ignorance, from which they believed death alone could

release them. Gradually the light has been breaking on the dark night of unrest, and many a heart is proving the power of the mind over all these things. By the power of thought they are breaking those strong chains of ignorance that hitherto have enslaved them ; they are becoming victorious over all the forces which have bound them to sin, circumstances, and environment ; they have realized that by the control and right use of the mind they may become that which they desire to be. That many more may read, and hear, believe and be free, I send out this little book of my heart

LILY L ALLEN.

(Mrs. James Allen)

"BRYNGOLEU,"
ILFRACOMBE

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE CONTROL OF THE MIND .	I
THE CREATIVE POWER OF MIND .	II
THOUGHT, THE ALCHEMIST .	19
DESIRE OR ASPIRATION . .	27
WHAT WILL YE ? .	36
THE INFLUENCE OF THOUGHT ON ENVIRONMENT .	46
THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE .	54
"WITH ALL THY GETTING" .	66

The Might of Mind

THE CONTROL OF THE MIND

"When your mind would wander, bring it back to rest on higher things"—*James Allen*

ONE of the hardest things the disciple finds he has to do, when he sets out to find the Highest, is to control his mind. How hard and difficult a task it is, only those who have tried it can understand. It is only when we begin to think about *thought control* that we realize what an uncurbed, un-governed state our mind has always been in ; what a receptacle for any and every *thought wave* that happens to come along ; how open to suggestions of all kinds. It is both startling and

humiliating to find how much valuable time we have wasted in aimless, wandering thoughts, time that, had we used it rightly, and to some given purpose, would have made us strong and powerful characters, time that we might have used to *think thoughts* that would have ennobled our lives, purified our hearts, strengthened our influence, and made us spiritual giants

It seems to me that it is *the great day* of one's life when this truth comes home to one.

At first the mind refuses to be controlled. It is like a young colt resisting the bit and bridle, and still wanting to have its freedom. But if we mean to do anything in the direction of *thought control*, we must have great patience with ourselves, and bring back the wandering thoughts again, and

again, *and* again. Over and over we shall feel disheartened and discouraged, and we shall be tempted to give up in despair, but that would be disastrous indeed.

One of the first things to impress upon the mind is the need of patience. There is nothing gained in any direction by "*making haste*", better go slowly and succeed, than make haste and fail. Don't therefore try to do too much at first, nor spend too much time in concentration, lest the mind, unused to it, grow tired, and so unfit for the beautiful task before it. For beautiful it is indeed, in every sense of the word, for man is not *truly man* until he has conquered the forces of his mind.

A good way to begin is to take a special time, early in the morning if

4 THE MIGHT OF MIND

possible At first it might be for ten minutes, then twenty minutes, after a week or two lengthen the time to a half-hour, and so gradually accustom the mind to concentration.

I found it a splendid thing to take one word and concentrate on that. The word *Sympathy* for instance, Think of the beauty of Sympathy, how far reaching it is in its power to bless and comfort, *how* it can be given to others, *when* it can be given Analyse it, look at it from every standpoint. Perhaps you will find that your mind has suddenly gone right off on some side issue, and you will think, "Oh, this too is interesting, I will think of this now." No, you must not Bring it back at once Fix it on your word again, and *insist* on keeping it there. Next morning, if you will, take another

word, consider it in all its bearings upon life and conduct. Don't let it go till you have breathed its very beauty into your life. From *words* you will gradually get to *Principles*, and you will very soon find yourself living out the meaning of your morning's meditation in your daily conduct. Indeed you will do it without knowing you are doing it. This *must be* so, for whatever *we think; deeply about, that we become.*

I once knew a young girl who found it very difficult to write. She was constantly in disgrace at school over her handwriting, and her teachers were giving up all hope that she would ever write anything more than a very bad childish hand, and the girl herself had lost all heart and was in despair over it, when a lady friend with whom she went to spend a holiday, hearing of the

6 THE MIGHT OF MIND

difficulty, asked her, " Well, what kind of a hand do you wish to write ? "

" Oh, I don't know," wearily answered the girl. " I am sick of the whole thing , I hate the very sight of those copy-books "

" Never mind the copy-books now," said her friend. " I want you to think of some one whose writing you admire very much "

At once the girl said, " Oh, I think Miss B—— writes beautifully ! Now, if I could only write like that ! But it's hopeless, for my teachers say I shall never write even a decent hand "

" Now look here," said her friend, " I want you to forget all the teachers have said about your bad writing, all the copy-books, and all the worry, and just concentrate your mind upon that

beautiful handwriting that you so much admire. Read her letters over and over again, dwell upon each graceful curve, each cultured characteristic, each perfect letter. When you take up your pen to write, say to yourself, 'Now this is my ideal, I want to write like this', think of it many times during the day, imagine yourself writing like it, and think of the joy that will be yours when you can do it."

The girl promised she would do so, for the idea took hold of her and fascinated her. *She returned to school at the end of that vacation a better writer than any of her teachers.* The ideal became real to her. A simple, but telling illustration of the force of concentrated thought, and the power of a fixed ideal.

James Allen said .

" Men live in spheres high or low, according to the nature of their thoughts Their world is as dark and narrow as they conceive it to be, as expansive and glorious as their comprehensive capacity Everything around them is tinged with the colour of their thoughts "

As the young girl could not write a good hand until she had an ideal set before her, so the soul must have an ideal character towards which to strive, if it would make any headway We need at first to examine ourselves so that we may know ourselves The human mind is a very subtle thing, and to know oneself is a very much harder task than may appear at first sight. Yet if we would understand what Thought Control means, in the slightest degree, we must begin by *knowing ourselves* We must pull ourselves to pieces, as it were, -analyse

our motives, examine our desires, ask, "Why did I say that?" and "Why did I do this?", we must look back over the day, the hour, to weigh our every action in the balance, and not fear to face the truth when we find them wanting. Are we prepared to do this? Then begin by spending a short time each day in self-examination, in finding out *what* you are, and *where* you are. Do not be afraid to turn the full searchlight of Truth upon your own soul; shrink not from acknowledging to yourself all you find there. Remember that all reaching out to the ideal is a *coming out of what we are*—a coming away from *what we know ourselves to be* to that which we would be. All aspiration is a longing of the soul to attain; a stretching out of the hands to something higher and nobler. "For

where there is no vision, the people perish "

Then having found out by faithful self-examination and introspection where we are, and what we are, let us fix our Ideal, and by constant meditation and concentration of thought, let us keep it ever before our eyes, and day by day, if we grow not weary and turn aside again, we shall become more and more like that which we meditate upon. The vision shall not depart from us, and this shall be our reward, that the Ideal shall become real to us

THE CREATIVE POWER OF MIND

"Knowing the Truth thy heart no more will ache
with error, for the Truth will show all things subdued
to thee"

"Thou shalt also decree a thing and it shall be
established unto thee and the light shall shine
upon thy ways"—*Job*

"I am the owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars, and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain"
—*Emerson*

WHAT is the creative power in
man? Why simply the *think-
ing power* To think is to create. So
all through life we have been creators,
and have not known it. We have
imagined that the power to create,
which must belong to man as a part

of the Divine Image, was something wonderful, some great supernatural power that we might find some day, after long, long searching—something we had to put on, as it were, from without, we did not know that the very thing that we were searching for was all the time with us, all the time within us, only, instead of being a *focused* power, rightly directed and used with purpose, it had been like a stream of water running to waste, bringing to us, *by virtue of it being creative*, an aimless, purposeless life, a “come day, go day, God send Sunday,” sort of existence. At other times we have used it—again, I admit, unconsciously—to sad ends. Allowing our minds to dwell upon sorrow and sickness, upon sadness and trouble, upon tears and pain, as the inevitable lot

of man, we have created these things and drawn them to us, making them, by the creative power of thought, our very own MIND IS THE CREATOR. In accordance to our acceptance of the truth of this statement will be our power to create good and desirable conditions ; but if mind is like a runaway horse, with the bit between its teeth, rushing headlong into passion and anger, into fright and confusion, it must create corresponding conditions. Passion brings torment and disease. Anger breeds bitterness of soul and acidity of body, filling the life with many sorrows, and is the direct cause of much disease and suffering. Fright and confusion conjure up pictures of failure and need, of adversity and poverty, which manifest at last in actual life.

Once a little stream rushed down a hillside. It had run from its source high up in the mountain to the deep sea, century after century, and no man dreamed of the power sleeping in that little stream of water. One day a man, wiser than his fellows, saw force hidden in that little stream *were it only rightly controlled*. He took it in hand; he built dams, and made reservoirs, he erected engine-houses and water-wheels, and lo! that little rivulet, that had run idly down a mountain-side for centuries, became a mighty force, turning the great mill-wheels to grind corn into flour to feed the people, filling the deep reservoirs to give them an abundance of water, and supplying the motive power to produce the electric light to illumine the streets of the city and the homes

of the people. *And all because a man had done some thinking.* Thousands had seen the little stream and nothing more, but *one mind* saw the stream and all its hidden force of power and use and blessing, saw the great possibilities waiting there century after century—waiting for the recognition of man—and his mind-picture created the thing it pictured. So mind, like that little stream, runs on, wasting itself down the hill of life, the *thinker* being quite unconscious of the power he possesses. But here and there people are waking up, men and women are beginning to think; they are asking questions, they are seeking the light, they are comprehending the I AM of the human soul, and as a result they are beginning to use their creative power to make their lives happier and brighter. They

begin to see that they are not cast upon the sea of life like driftwood at the mercy of the waves of fate and circumstances, *they know that they themselves are fate*, that they themselves are the *makers of circumstances*, that they have absolute power over their own "stream" of thought—they can alter its course at their will, they can check its waste and turn it into useful channels; they are finding a force within themselves which, RIGHTLY DIRECTED, will bring to them all blessing, all happiness, all goodness

Oh, the joy that comes into life when one realizes this Truth! Oh, the gladness of knowing that our life may be as full and as rich as the lives of others around us! Our eyes are opened, and we can see that we have been poor only because we did not

receive of the ALL-GOOD that has been pressing in upon us on all sides. Yes, our "eyes were holden," and we did not see it. We never once dream of the sunshine being limited for us while some one else has an abundance of its life-giving rays. We know that the sun shines for all, that we can have just as much of its warmth and brightness as we wish. We never dream of wondering where the air is coming from that we breathe, and without which we cannot live one moment. We just go on breathing. The bread to eat, and the water to drink—how little thought we give to it. Yet our table is spread every day, and our cup is full. Oh, the delight of knowing that not only is all the air we need ours, all the sunshine ours, that our "bread and water is sure," but that in

equal measure and in like manner
“every good and every perfect gift”
is ours too!

Whatever our souls need, whatever
our hearts yearn for, whatever good
we have stretched out our hands to,
whatever goal we have earnestly set
ourselves to reach, is ours—mine and
yours, and if we but *live* deeply
enough, earnestly enough, fervently
enough, persistently enough, it will
manifest in our life, for—

“If with all your hearts ye truly
seek Me, ye shall surely find Me”

“Ask, and it shall be given unto you,
seek, and ye shall find, knock, and it
shall be opened unto you”

“For he that asketh receiveth.”

THOUGHT, THE ALCHEMIST

THE greatest power in the universe, as far as humanity is concerned, is the power of thought. It is *thought* that elevates, and it is *thought* that degrades. Men imagine they are promoted and lifted up in the estimation and respect of their fellows by the favour of individuals in power, or by the force of circumstances, but it is not so. All *real* advancement, all *true* power, must be the result of "thought made manifest."

"All that a man is, is the result of his thoughts," said a Master many centuries ago ; and one marvels that so

much time has sped, and yet the great bulk of mankind have failed to see this awful Truth. *Awful*, I say, because it is awful in all its significance. Man has spent centuries talking about heredity, about circumstances, parentage, environment, or some *supposed* power outside himself, upon which he has cast all the responsibility of his life and character, his fortune or misfortune. Men blame this thing, and that thing for all they lack of the fullness of life, and are always looking *outside* themselves for causes, and never *within their own minds*. Yet all the time "they themselves have been makers of themselves."

"That man alone is wise
Who keeps the mastery of himself! If one
Ponders on objects of the sense, there springs
Attraction, from attraction grows desire,

THOUGHT, THE ALCHEMIST 21

Desire flames to fierce passion, passion breeds
Recklessness, then the memory—all betrayed—
Lest noble purpose go, and saps the mind,
Till purpose, mind, and man are all undone ”

Take the foolish, giddy, unreliable individual. He is the product of his own thoughts. The weak, puny, shifting individual is such by the thinking of weak, puny thoughts. Examine the faces of men and women any day, anywhere, and you can tell at once the nature of the thoughts habitually held in those minds.

See the *empty* face, with a brain behind it through which one little silly thought after another drifts like clouds across a summer sky ; never one thing held in the mind for a single moment, and the doors left open for every passing suggestion.

Look at the heavy, sensual face,

that "human face divine," marred by debasing indulgences and bad habits, and you have in it just the true likeness of the thoughts that dwell in the mind

But, it may be suggested, might not one easily misjudge another in that way? I think not. Pure, wholesome thinking never produced the face of the debauchee, neither can thoughts of self-denial and abstinence produce the physiognomy of the drunkard. Nature makes no mistakes. We pay to the uttermost farthing

Oh, if only they knew! If only one could take hold of the people one by one, and cry to them "You, you, *you* have the Philosopher's Stone! You have the secret of the Alchemist, and by the proper use of this vast power that you possess you may

change all the base metal of your life into pure gold ! ”

If one could do it ! If one *did* do it ! Well, I suppose it would be regarded as madness Yet think of the truth of it ! Humanity holds this wonderful, glorious, transforming power ; but, alas, they know it not

How can the masses know it, after all, when their leaders and teachers do not know it ? Listen to, or read, the sermons of the day ; notice the many “ means of grace ” put before the people. Hear the “ do this ” and “ do that ” of the various churches, societies, reforms, guilds, unions, but never a word about the “ pearl of great price ” locked in a man’s own heart, waiting, waiting for recognition.

I often wonder what the result would be if some brave clergyman, instead of

preaching the usual sermon, which, so far, has had very little effect on the people at large (judging from the present turmoil and unrest)—if some man among men, I say, instead of preaching the usual sermon, would say in a voice *having authority*, “Go home and think,” what grand advice it would be !

And yet the people must be told *how to think* Ah, there it is ! When one thinks of it, it seems so simple, but when one comes to apply it to the mass, the difficulties seem insurmountable

When will the people see and know that it is not in *doing*, but in *being*, that their emancipation lies, and that *thinking is being*

A man may make himself what he will by thinking.

It is perfectly simple, but oh, so

far-reaching, so filled with great issues for time and eternity! Think deeply enough and long enough on anything, and you will build up in your physical brain those cells required for that particular kind of thought, and if it is a harmful, sinful, degrading thought, you will know, to your cost, how hard it is to break down those cells again when you wish to free yourself from the slavery of that thought. Each thought habitually held in the mind is like a chain of iron holding you fast to the thing thought about. If your thoughts are bad, you must become as bad as your thoughts. You cannot escape it. If your thoughts are pure and good and noble, then you become as good and pure and noble as your thoughts. You cannot do otherwise. "*As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he*"

The Christ said, "Blessed are the pure in heart (the pure thinkers), for they shall see God."

"I am, because I have thought," might truthfully be written across the history of every life

Happy are we if we know these things.

DESIRE OR ASPIRATION

"He answered all my prayer abundantly,
And crowned the work that to His feet I brought
With blessing more than I had asked or thought—
A blessing undisguised, and fair, and free

"I stood amazed, and whispered, 'Can it be
That He hath granted all the boon I sought?
How wonderful that He for me hath wrought!
How wonderful that He hath answered me!'

"O faithless heart! He *said* that He would hear
And answer thy poor prayer, and He *hath* heard
And proved His promise Wherefore didst thou fear?
Why marvel that thy Lord hath kept His word?

"More wonderful if He should fail to bless
Expectant faith and prayer with good success!"
—F R Havergal

"WHAT will ye?" might be written,
"What do you desire?"
Desire or aspiration lies at the back

of the thought that *creates*. Whatever we aspire to or desire with all the strength of our hearts, we shall think about, and strive earnestly for. We may think we desire some things, but on examining our desires we often find that they are not very deep, or we imagine that we are aspiring to some Ideal, but on analysing our aspirations we find that they are not very earnest—we can easily let them go, in fact, we say, “Well, yes, I should like it very well, but I am not quite sure about it.” That kind of desire is not creative, it is a mere passing whim, dying away as suddenly as it came. I do not mean for one moment that that kind of desiring or thinking is harmless. On the contrary, I believe it to be very weakening, and extremely harmful in

its effects upon the character. If one would have a strong mental force, if one would be a power in the world for good, and not a mere existing shadow, one must shut the door of the mind against fleeting desires, ephemeral wishing, and aimless thinking. Every half-hearted desire, whimsically entertained for a week, a month, or a year, and then relinquished to take up another whim, is so much loss of power, so much draining of the mentality, and, constantly indulged in, must eventually rob the thinker of all power to concentrate upon anything to any purpose, or carry out any aim in life successfully. Such a person is in the position of the man spoken of in the first chapter of the Epistle of James.

“ For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea,
driven with the wind and tossed
For let not that man think that he shall receive
anything of the Lord.
A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways ”

So the mind that desires one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow is a “ wavering mind,” turned about by every wind that blows, making himself or herself, by their own choice, like a boat without a rudder or compass upon the troubled waves of the sea of life, bound for no particular port or harbour. “ Let not that man think that he shall receive anything ”

Then there is a kind of despairing desire The desire itself may be deep enough and real enough, but along with it is a thought of utter hopelessness A short time ago I was

talking to a man who I knew was, deep down in the very heart of him, desiring a certain blessing which he felt was all he needed to make his life complete, yet he had no faith in the good law that would give him that blessing, or its counterpart, so coupled with his desire was a kind of hopeless despair, and he said bitterly, "It's no use crying for the moon." Such desire is quite powerless to bring to itself the blessing desired, for it is made negative by unbelief, and the thing desired will never be lived for and sought after diligently. And here let me say, lest any should misunderstand me, I am not teaching a sort of "open your mouth and shut your eyes and see what God will send you" gospel. Far from it. By desiring a thing I mean *aspiring* to some greater usefulness, some wider

and deeper life of opportunity and blessing , I mean the reaching out of the heart to something higher and nobler, the striving of the whole of you to reach some Ideal Could you, with such intense aspirations as that, sit down and do nothing? Nay, the whole of your life will be, *must be* active , you will feel impelled to go forward to use every means to gain the desired end, and to use every talent that is yours , and so far from living in idleness and expecting the blessing to come to you without any effort on your part you will be up and doing And verily I say unto you, you shall *not*, cannot, fail of your reward.

I have been asked, " But suppose I desire anything that is not good for me ? " Well, am I not right

in saying that the very best way for you to find out what is for your good is to have that thing, and so learn by actual experience that it was not good? Did you not have it, and it was a real, deep desire, you would always think, "Ah, if only I could have had what I wanted my life would have been a success, and I should have been happy." Take, for example, the man who desires great riches, who has set his heart on possessing money for money's sake. He lusts for the gold of this world that he may be richer than his fellows, only to find, when the world calls him at last a millionaire, that "the game was not worth the candle"; that the thing desired and lived for has brought him misery and unhappiness, and never has satisfied his heart.

Then he will turn to the true riches, the possession of which includes every blessing and happiness the soul longs for.

How necessary, then, that we seek first wisdom that we may desire aright. Surely the only safe way is to follow the teaching of the Master Christ, who said, "*Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you*" When we desire "in the Kingdom," we shall desire only the highest and best, we shall use the creative power of thought to bring to us only that which shall make us more useful to others, better citizens in every way, and happier men and women. Surely the great Apostle knew this when he said, "*Covet earnestly the best gifts*", and he certainly meant to

teach the "might of mind" when he wrote ·

" Finally, my brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, THINK ON THESE THINGS "

WHAT WILL YE ?

“ Ask, and receive, that your joy may be full ”
—*The Christ*

“ Let your mind be quiet, realizing the beauty of the world, and the immense, the boundless treasures it holds in store All that you have within you, all that your heart desires, all that your nature so specially fits you for—that, or the counterpart of it, waits embedded in the great Whole for you It will surely come to you ”—*Edward Carpenter*

“ The waters know their own, and draw
The brook which springs in yonder height,
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight ”

WE do not take the exceeding great and precious promises of the Holy Scriptures as our own, neither do we realize that they really

mean what they say. We read, not only in our own Bible, but in the Bibles of other religions too, that it will be "well with the righteous", we read that "the Lord is our Shepherd, therefore we shall not want"; and that "no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly" Yet for centuries Christians have been believing just the reverse The people have been taught that the more they loved God and served Him, the greater would be their sorrows and the harder their lives. What a lot of utter nonsense has been talked about "*cross-bearing*," robbing young hearts of all their brightness and vivacity, and making thousands of souls, who might have carried sunshine and gladness with them wherever they went, carry with them instead long

faces, mournful hearts, and miserable influences.

It was considered almost the hall-mark of piety at one time to be constantly denying oneself all joy and gladness, and trying to rob others of the same. When sorrow and misery came, the people were told to thank God for His *chastening hand*, so they hugged their misery to them, thinking it was because they loved God, and He loved them, that they were so miserable ! And the greater their misery and unhappiness, the greater the sign was it of their being especially favoured of God ! *Our sorrows come not from God*, neither are poverty and misery a mark of divine favour. We *sin* and sorrow ; we *think* *wrong thoughts*, and *they bring us misery* ; we *choose* darkness and error, and then sit down and whine because

we find ourselves in a slough of despair, and say, "God has visited us!"

"Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and GOD SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT." "What will ye?" asked the Master, Jesus, whenever any cried out to Him; and whatever they asked of Him in faith they received. "Ask and receive," said He to His disciples, "that your joy *may be full*." Can we have *fulness* of joy if we are in poverty, or suffering from some other painful need? Nay, we cannot. Can we say that we are enjoying life "*more abundantly*" if we are realizing lack on every hand, an empty store cupboard, a diseased body; a mind craving for, but lacking, education, books, art, culture; a heart longing for, but lacking, love, friendship, companionship;

a life yearning for, but lacking, opportunities? Yet the Master Christ—He whom we profess to believe in and follow—when He spoke the message of God to the world, said · “ I am come that ye might have Life, and that ye might have it MORE ABUNDANTLY ” He also said “ Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things,” and added “ All these things ” (*and they all had to do with the necessities of this life*) “ shall be added unto you.” “ What will ye? ” Oh, my reader, what is lacking in your life? What do you need to make you a real, live, happy, successful man or woman? Do you want to be a strong, useful, glad member of society? Of course you do And you may be God has no favourites, “ He maketh the sun to shine on the evil and on the good,

and sendeth rain upon the just and on the unjust." That is to say, all that comes direct from the hand of God is *given freely to all*. The sun shines as brightly upon the slum as it does upon the palace, and the rain falls as plentifully upon the garden of Naboth as it does upon the pleasure grounds of Ahab. What God gives is given to all. It is man's mind that has hedged in some things, and said, "This is for thee, thou favoured one, but this lesser blessing is for me" The boundary, or limit, exists *in the mind of man alone*. It is an error thought, and as such is nought.

Go right into the silence of your own heart to-day, and find out what it is that you lack, and what it is that you need to make your life full and

complete Believe that that blessing, whatever it may be, *is for you*, give thanks and accept it *now*, and go forth rejoicing, believing, yea, *knowing*, that it will manifest in your actual experience **LIVE WORTHY OF IT, AND IT WILL COME** "For whatsoever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive it, and ye shall have it"

I write these words, not from hearsay, not as a happy theory, but **BECAUSE I KNOW**, because *I have experienced* the truth of what I write It is now nearly fifteen years since this glorious Truth was plain to my heart, and over and over again have I proved the reality of it. So many blessings I desired and lived for have come to me Scores of opportunities my heart yearned for, and believed for, are mine

to-day. Love, friendship, books, fellowship, work, and all that fills my life has come since my eyes were opened to my real relationship to God, to my *oneness* with the universe. And greater blessings are to come. Greater opportunities of doing good, wider fields of work, deeper and more profound knowledge, all, all are for me, for none can set a limit to any good my soul desires *but I myself*. If I choose to shut the open door through which every blessing comes to me, by idleness, unbelief, or living a life unworthy of a child of God, I cannot blame any but myself. I may forfeit my good, I may sell my birthright for sin, I may cease to aspire, I may go back to the husks and the swine of error and nothingness, *if I will*, but I will *not* to do so, therefore "All things are mine," and, dear reader,

all things are yours. Be glad and rejoice. You are *not* a miserable sinner unless you deliberately choose to be so. You are a free child of God. You are not poor and mean unless you choose poverty and meanness, for you have a right to the Tree of Life. It is not God-honouring, neither is it a mark of Divine favour, that you lack any blessing or happiness. You are not joyless because you are religious. You are not glorifying God by wearing a sad face and choosing the unlovely things. All these states of mind are sadly *irreligious* and out of harmony with Goodness, Truth, and Righteousness. It is a state of negation, and belongs to the world of error and false imaginings. Come out of them. Come into Light, Life, Joy, Peace, Plenty, Happiness, and Success. Be strong, and know

the Truth, and "the Truth shall make you free"

"Everything good is on the highway"

"Rely on the law alive and beautiful which works over our heads and under our feet"

THE INFLUENCE OF THOUGHT ON ENVIRONMENT

THAT the influence of environment plays a very large part in the happiness, or unhappiness, of our life is indisputable. There are, however, two ways of looking at it, and one finds that there are people who think that they themselves, and others, are victims of environment. They look around them and they see poverty, filth, squalid dwellings, they see human beings degrading themselves with strong drinks, tobacco, gambling, and evil habits of all kinds, such as one may see in any of our large cities any day, and, alas, in our country towns and villages

as well They find these people usually in the "slums," the cellars, and attics, or in the "model dwellings," and they at once lay all the blame of those wretched lives on *environment* Only a few days ago the writer heard some one saying, "How can a man live a good life in such an environment? Look at the street he lives in, look at the people who surround him, look at the house he lives in." Such people seem to entirely ignore the fact that the man has sought that particular environment, that it is of his own choosing. His evil associations, the dirt, the squalor, are not the result of environment If such be his environment, then it is *the result of himself* You can prove it any day if you will go into the slums of any city and watch the people. Yonder drunkard—see him

give up his drink, his evil associates Watch him, as a result, go to work in the morning, clear-headed, strong, full of energy and manliness See him bring home his wages at the end of the week, buying food and clothing for his wife and bairns, and comforts for the home What about the power of environment then? In a few weeks that man will prove to you that environment has no power whatever to bind or limit him, and he will walk out of his squalid surroundings a decent, strong, free, happy, working man, and you will find him directly in an environment suitable to his changed life and character. *In conquering himself, he has become the master of environment*

It is an absolute impossibility to chain a clean man to a dirty environment, a sober man to a drunken

environment, a hard-working, faithful, true man to a low, degrading, squalid environment. You may take a man out of his environment before he is ready for the change, and what will the result be? *He will carry his environment with him*, and straightway he will begin to create it around him after his own likeness

Change the man first, and change of environment *must* follow.

There is another side of this question of environment which we must not overlook. One often hears educated persons who move in useful spheres, apparently surrounded by kind friends, and possessing many advantages, complaining of their environment. They feel they are not in the place for which they are best fitted; circumstances have not shaped themselves to their

liking, their work is not congenial, and they dislike it, they are not making that progress socially, financially, or spiritually, which they had hoped to make, and still wish to make. Such a one, writing to us the other day, said "Others have had success, advancement, opportunity, happiness, why not I? I have been doing my present work for so many years, and *I hate it!*" Ah, there lies the whole secret. "*I hate my work!*" We wrote that correspondent, pointing out the many beautiful opportunities that that particular work gave for real power and usefulness. We suggested that the hindrance of the life so far was possibly due to the *want of sympathy with environment*. Instead of hating the work, and setting heart and mind against all the circumstances connected

with it ; instead of disliking all the associations of the daily life, we, advised a thorough self-examination, along with a daily meditation, with a view to finding something to love in the very work that had been so hateful in the past. The advice was taken, and earnestly carried out in every detail. In a very few days the result was astonishing. A brighter day was dawning. A new delight in the work which before had been so distasteful was bringing into the life many new joys, associations seemed to alter as if by magic, new traits of beauty unknown and unnoticed before suddenly appeared in friends and fellow workers, opportunities of usefulness and blessedness were found right at hand, and there before the soul was the open door to all it had longed for *in the*

work it had despised. My correspondent altered the *within*, and lo ! the environment was all that could be desired "I am already a new being," wrote my correspondent, "and I am finding happiness and joy and beauty in an environment which seemed, before I heard from you, to contain nothing but gloom, unhappiness, and failure" Again, it was not in environment, but in the individual

Depend upon it, if we cannot get on in our present environment we shall not get on in any other. It has often happened in the experience of men and women, and more than once in the life of the writer, that the happiness and success longed for was all the time in the very task, the very environment, that one was trying to run away from. The joy and blessing the heart longed

for was waiting day by day in the way of our feet, unknown and unheeded by us Seek the Good in the Now. Find the Blessing just where you are Make the present task beautiful with faithful and whole-hearted endeavour, so surely will it become the open door to happiness and success. All things bend to him who conquers self Every moment is the moment of opportunity to the earnest soul.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

ALL down through the ages men have believed in a *something* which could be found—a something that, being found, would give the finder power to transmute all base metal into gold, to change, as by magic, all that was undesirable and unsightly in life into happiness and beauty. Men and women have spent their lives looking for it, some in one direction, some in another. Many have professed to be in possession of the secret, indeed, all through the history of the world there have been those who have cried, “Lo here!” and “Lo there!” and

many have gone out after them, only to return again empty-handed and disappointed, until at last, sick of heart, they have given up the quest, declaring it to be all a myth, the wild imaginings of some unbalanced mind, and that no such thing ever could, or did, exist as the *Philosopher's Stone*

The great mistake has been in looking for it in something outside themselves, something material and tangible, something they could touch, handle, and carry about with them. Others, again, have sought it in some external power or force, to which the soul or mind of the man had to become linked, as it were. Now, let the people begin to look out and around for anything, and there will arise those who profess to be able to supply their need. Hence all the Sects and all the Schisms, the

Quacks and would-be Teachers, who are ready, in all directions, to *sell* the great secret for a given price—so many dollars across the water; so many guineas in our own country. And, strange to say, there are those who are at once ready to part with their money, failing to see that, *had the teacher found it for himself, he would need neither their dollars nor their guineas.* Earnest souls, they are, these searchers for the open door that shall give them liberty, but, alas, always looking for it in the wrong direction. Like one Simon, of whom we read in the Acts of the Apostles .

“ And when Simon saw that through laying on of the Apostles’ hands the Holy Ghost was given, he offered them money,

“ Saying, ‘ Give me also this power, that on whomsoever I lay hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost ’ ”

We read how severely he was rebuked because he thought to purchase the power of the Holy Spirit *with money*. Yet, in spite of all the pseudo-philosophy, in spite of all the bartering, in spite of all the heart-breaking failures, we declare that the "Philosopher's Stone," that wonderful power which dispels all illusions (for all that is wrong is but illusion), which turns all the base metal of life into pure gold, *is a reality*, and can be found by all who seek for it in the right direction, namely, in their own hearts and minds; for it is found, and found only, *in the power of a man's own thoughts*.

The Power of Thought has been much and many times written of, and yet we feel we have not written anything like enough, nor have we written or spoken

powerfully enough on this tremendous subject.

When we consider that all are in possession of this Great Power, and yet they do not know it—they actually hold it, as it were, in the hollow of the hand, a pearl of great price, and yet are unconscious of it—we yearn to tell them again and again, if need be, to cease their eternal searching in the outward and changing things of life, and *know* that the thing they seek is *theirs already*. It lies in their power to think. “As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he”

Let us get firm hold of the fact that we are *what we are*, and *where we are*, by virtue of the thoughts we have thought and the thoughts we still are thinking, and at once we are well on the way to find the “Philosopher’s Stone.”

Thought is the great Creative Power. God said, "Let there be light, and *there was light*" Back of every created thing, and back of the Creative word, is the Creative *thought* Everything we see about us first had its birth in thought The house was the thought of the architect, the forest was the thought of the forester, the beautiful garden, with its winding walks, its velvet turf, its sparkling fountains and gay flower borders, was the thought of some gardener And if we come to the more personal things, the clothes we wear, or the furniture we use, were they not first designed or created by the mind of the tailor, dressmaker, or carpenter, if not by our own mind? We see it all complete in the "mind's eye," and very soon it is made into a material, tangible thing by our own or somebody's fingers.

Oh, yes, you are quite ready to acknowledge all that, but what about the circumstances of life, its fears, its troubles, its poverties, its limitations in every direction, its ugly spots and secret skeletons? They also are created by thought, they are the outcome of the habitual thoughts of the mind. Consciously or unconsciously we are thinking our lives into existence. For example, we have known people who have lived so many years in *fear* thoughts that at last they have become invalids. Afraid of rain lest they get damp and take cold; afraid of the wind—if it blew from the east,—it was cold, if it blew from the north, it was bitter, if it blew from the south, it was enervating, if it blew from the west, it would surely rain. If the sun shone, down came the blinds and

shades to keep it out They feared to eat one thing and another lest it should disagree with them, they feared to take this exercise or that recreation lest it prove too much for them. Always doing something in fear that something else would happen. And so on day after day, and year after year, until mind, body, and soul are cramped, deformed, and invalided, if not actually diseased Said Job, "*The thing that I feared has come upon me.*" Alas, for those who "all their life are in bondage, being subject to fear"

How different it all might have been with them if only they had *thought differently*! It's the same with all life. Men and women *think* poverty, *talk* poverty, and *act* poverty, until one day poverty comes in, sits down by the fire-side, and makes himself at home—an

invited guest Some there are who *think* ill-health, talk aches and pains, symptoms, temperatures, and pulse, act invalidism, till one day the Giant Disease takes a permanent lodging with them, again—albeit unconsciously—an invited guest Then the poor victims look for aid and sympathy and condolence from all with whom they come in contact, often looking upon themselves as “chosen vessels,” called upon to bear special crosses Well, we may well give them the pity they ask for, for it is indeed a state of mind that calls for pity and compassion

But, oh, to rouse the people, to set them thinking ! Oh, to have the power of word or pen to pierce through the customs, the conventions, the race-beliefs, the pre-conceived ideas to which

they cling, and to open their hearts and minds to the great Truth that we have proven, by our own life and experience, that *Thought is the Great Creative Power*, that it belongs to every man, woman, and child, and that they may use it to what end they will, that each man's thought is his own, and the effect is his own, and cannot be hindered or frustrated by another!

You, my reader, whoever you are, in whatever circumstances you are placed, you have the "Philosopher's Stone" You may begin now, to-day, to work upon all that is out of harmony in your life, in mind, body, or circumstances, and gradually, but surely, you can watch the base metal of your life being transmuted into pure gold.

You must not expect instantaneous

deliverance from all your aches and pains, your ignorances, your limitations, in any or every direction. If we spend twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty years building up a life which to-day is not that full, radiant, happy, complete life it might have been *had we thought differently*, we must not expect to alter it all at once. There must be a great pulling-down, a great upheaval, a great undoing, it may be that years may pass by without much outward and visible improvement, *but you will know that the work is going on*, you will know that sooner or later every obstacle must give way and every mountain of difficulty be removed, that nothing can withstand the great original force which is now working within you. The good you are thinking of and living for must come to you. Do not limit

yourself in thought to this short expression of life What you are *thinking into existence* now you are creating for many lives to come, or rather for *all life to come*, sowing seeds to-day for a sure harvest to-morrow.

“ And if men ask you why you smile and sorrow
Tell them ye grieve for your heart knows To-day,
Tell them ye smile for your eyes see To-morrow ”

Oh, the joy of it ! The beauty of it !
The wonder and blessing of it !
Well might Emerson sing .

“ I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain ”

“ WITH ALL THY GETTING ”

THERE is always a certain amount of danger when a great and simple truth like the power of Thought, or knowledge of the Creative Power of Thought, is first made known to the seeker after the unseen forces which make for peace and harmony, a danger that every one has to face and understand, lest they turn what should be a blessing into a curse. For every power possessed by man may be used to his own destruction if he knows not how to use that power aright, or, knowing, refuses to do so, being urged on to his own undoing by using it to selfish ends

It is not without purpose that a knowledge of those powers inherent in man are hidden from the many. All the Teachers of the world have given the Truth to the people as they could bear it. The Lord Christ spoke to the multitude in parables, but when alone with His disciples He said, “Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of God but to others in parables, that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand.” And St. Paul speaks of giving them at one time “*the milk of the word,*” and at another time the “*strong meat.*” It is not every one who would answer as the wise man did, when the light burst upon his consciousness, and as a voice he heard it say, “Ask what I shall give thee,” and answered at once, “Give me now Wisdom and

Knowledge", and that was not desired for selfish ends, but for the good and happiness, comfort and prosperity, of his people

There can be no doubt whatever about the Creative Power of Thought, and that men and women, by virtue of this power, inherent in every soul, can make their lives what they will. Indeed, we are doing it every day. It is true that there are many things in our circumstances and environment, our experiences and relationships with men and things around us, which we would gladly have other than they are and would alter them *at once* if we could have our way, but that would be to set at nought the Law of Cause and Effect, which is the very thing we are, learning *cannot be done*, and it is the outworking of this Law that teaches

'WITH ALL THY GREETING' 69

us the truth of the Creative Power of our thoughts.

" It will not be condemned of any one ,
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains

" It seeth everywhere and marketh all
Do right—it recompenseth , do one wrong—
The equal retribution must be made,
Though Dharma tarry long

" It knows not wrath nor pardon , utter true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs ,
Times are as nought, to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days "

So to-day we are living out the results of our past thoughts and deeds (for thought is ever the father of deed ; they cannot be separated) We *thought* in ignorance, it is true , ignorant were we of the *power* of our thinking, and equally ignorant of the *result*

of our thinking, but our ignorance made
no difference to the outworking of the
Law, for

“As a man soweth so shall he also reap,”

and

“With what measure ye mete it shall be
measured to you again,”

and

“The new life reaps what the old life did sow,
And where its march breaks off its march begins,
Holding the gain and answering for the loss,
And how in each life good begets more good,
Evil fresh evil

whereupon the account

In merits or demerits stamps itself
By sure arithmetic—where no tittle drops—
Certain and just, on some new springing life,
Wherein are packed and scored past thoughts
and deeds,
Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks
Of lives foregone”

So we find that all the Teachers taught the same great truth, that a man's thoughts are the makers and moulders of his life

Now, it is strange, but true, that every now and then men seem to lose sight of this, and it drops almost entirely out of the teaching in the places of worship, and is scarcely, if ever, written about. Then, after perhaps a few centuries, it comes to the front again, and, as in our own time, men give it a name as something new, something heterodox, such as "*New Thought*"; as a matter of fact, it is not new at all. It was taught by the Buddha five hundred years before the Christ, and by St Paul, and their words are too plain to allow of any misunderstanding.

Said the Buddha

"Thought in the mind hath made us What we are
By thought was wrought and built If a man's
 mind

Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on him as comes
The wheel the ox behind

 If one endure
In purity of thought, joy follows him
As his own shadow—sure "

Said the Christ

"And whatsoever ye would that men should
do to you, do ye even so to them for this is the
Law and the Prophets "

"Give, and it shall be given unto you, good
measure, pressed down, and running over, shall
men give into your bosom "

How plainly, too, do the words of
the great Apostle point to the same
great truth of the power of the mind
and its force in bringing into existence
just the character and life after its
own kind .

'WITH ALL THY GREETING' 73

"To be carnally *minded* is death, but to be spiritually *minded* is life and peace"

"Be not high-minded"

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ"

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, *think on these things*"

Said James Allen

"Act is the blossom of thought, and joy and suffering are its fruits, thus does a man garner in the sweet and bitter fruitage of his own husbandry"

"Man is a growth by law, and not a creation by artifice, and cause and effect is as absolute and undeviating in the hidden realm of thought as in the world of visible and material things"

"Man is made or unmade by himself, in the armoury of thought he forges the weapons by which he destroys himself, he also fashions the tools with which he builds for himself heavenly mansions of joy and strength and peace"

"Of all the beautiful truths pertaining to the

74 THE MIGHT OF MIND

soul which have been restored and brought to light in this age, none is more gladdening or fruitful of divine promise and confidence than this—*that man is the master of thought, the moulder of character, and the maker and shaper of condition, environment, and destiny*”

How necessary, then, that we should understand fully how to use this great power, for woe unto us if we use it to selfish ends, for while by the use of it we may gain much that we have set our hearts on, let us be very careful that the object of our desire, when it comes, will come as a blessing and not as a curse

First we must be content to “work out our own salvation”—that is, if we know that certain things in our life are the results of past thinking and past doing, we should be willing to pay the debt to the uttermost farthing. But we can do something else while paying

our debts we can set such a power in motion, by the strength and purpose of right-thinking, that we shall be sowing a fresh harvest of seeds to reap in gladness and joy in the days to come. Does a thorn pierce your hand to-day, and looking for the cause you find that it is a seed of your own sowing, years, months, or days ago, or maybe it is too far back in the past for memory to recall, but by its very nature, understanding as you do now the law of cause and effect, you know it must be the harvest of a past sowing time? Then see that you drop the seed of a fair thought, a blessed thought, a pure thought, a thought of love, and peace, and gladness, in beside that thorn, and you will find the good seed will grow and flourish, and its blessedness and joy will help you bear the smart of the painful thorn

until such time as you have paid your debt, and it goes out of your life altogether

Do you desire a good, a beautiful happiness, such as love, or work, or the wherewithal to make your life a useful and fruitful one? Can you see before you a possibility of gaining knowledge and power which would place you in a position of great trust and usefulness to your fellows? Think of it day and night, surround it with a halo of pure, holy, unselfish thought, *live to be worthy of it*, ever keeping the goal before your eyes, patiently waiting for your thought to work out in your life, and I tell you that fair morn will dawn for you, and you shall have your heart's desire Only be worthy Only live for it Only think about it, work for it, prepare for it, expect it, and

'WITH ALL THY GREETING' 77

be thankful for it; for it is on the highway, and is coming fast to you, just as fast as you are bringing it, for it is "*according to the power that worketh in us to will and to do*"

"And whatsoever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive it, and ye shall have it"

Be thankful now for the blessing that is *already* yours The soul knows no such thing as time To the soul, the real man, all is in the now—Eternity All the good that you can ever experience is *your's now*, and the more you believe it, and the more you rejoice in it, and the deeper your song of thanksgiving for it, the sooner will you realize it in actual everyday experience. I know the truth of what I am writing, because I have experienced it again and again in my life Many a blessing I

desired, because I knew that it would be good to possess it, has come to me. I thought of and lived for it, and strove to be worthy of it, and one day I awoke to find it by my side. Sometimes the road was long that led up to it, and now and again I had forgotten that my soul desired it; but the Law never forgets, and in the fulness of time it came.

Don't forget the truth of Goethe's words, however

"Beware of thy desires, for whatsoever thou desirest thou shalt surely have"

Use your "Philosopher's Stone," then, but before using it, examine your heart, analyse your motive, be sure that you know what you want, and that, having got it, it will make you a nobler and stronger character, and that the opportunities that will come with it, the

'WITH ALL THY GREETING' 79

enlarged life, the greater possibilities,
will be used by you to *bless the world,*
to *ennoble your life,* and to *glorify*
God.

" There is no chance, no destiny, no fate
Can circumvent or hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul
Gifts count for nothing, will alone is great,
All things give way before it, soon or late
What obstacles can stay the mighty force
Of the sea-seeking river in its course,
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?
Each well-born soul must win what it deserves
Let the fool prate of luck The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim
Why, even death stands still,
And waits an hour sometimes for such a will "

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